

And the hilltop gardens  
yield this fragrant tea.

# "SALADA" TEA

"Fresh from the gardens"

### Hold British Want Channel Tunnel

Informal Poll in Commons is  
Reported to Show a Big  
Favorable Majority

### BRIDGE ALSO DISCUSSED

Chief Difficulty is to Persuade  
English Militarists Invasion  
From Air is Possible

London.—An informal poll of the members of the House of Commons by Sir William Bull was said today to have shown that an overwhelming majority of the members favored the often suggested project for an English Channel tunnel.

When Parliament reassembles on Tuesday, Ernest Thurtle, a Labor member, will ask Premier Baldwin when the question can be formally discussed in Parliament.

An even more fascinating proposal than the 60-year-old tunnel scheme, now under discussion in England, is that for a twenty-one-mile channel bridge. From it travelers who have suffered the tortures of channel sea-sickness would be able to laugh at the churning waters.

A channel bridge scheme was outlined forty years ago. Competent engineers claim such a structure is feasible and that the structural difficulties would only be a little greater than those incurred in throwing great spans across the Hudson River at New York. The channel at its narrowest point is comparatively shallow. If St. Paul's Cathedral were set down in the middle of the channel a considerable part of the dome would be left sticking above the waves.

### Strategists Oppose Schemes

But British military strategists, arguing for national security, have violently opposed the tunnel and the bridge projects through all the decades of discussion.

The question to be decided is whether the World War silenced England's island isolation. Those who favor the tunnel say this country is directly next to France on the air, to be seized by submarines and possibly by invasion by air. If they can convince the military strategists of this, the tunnel project will at last enter the field of practical politics.

Political rather than engineering difficulties have always blocked the channel tunnel. On two occasions the House of Commons voted in favor of the proposal and work was actually started from the English side, but Britain's Committee on Imperial Defense influenced the Government against the project.

So the channel subsoil remains unexplored, while the world's biggest and roughest ferries—as the Dover-Calais, Folkestone-Boulogne and New Haven-Dieppe crossings are called—continue with their daily plagues of sea-sickness, transport difficulties with costly delay and sometimes damage of goods is a further toll exacted by ferrying freight between Britain and the Continent.

A channel tunnel would save an hour and a half on the trip from London to Paris. The channel from Dover to Calais is twenty-one miles wide and steamships now take about an hour and a quarter on the passage. In stormy winters such as the present one, the crossings take longer and on some days are suspended altogether.

### Cost, Put at \$150,000,000

From Calais a dozen international trains start for points as far away as Constantinople, Italy and Germany. If the tunnel were constructed travelers could enter their railway compartments in London and, with only a change of trains where railway gauges change, as on the Russia lines, ride to destinations in three continents.

Unhampered by political problems the Spanish Government has started work on a Gibraltar Straits tunnel linking Spain with Morocco. Torreón de las Penas, four miles from Tarifa, has been selected as the site for the Spanish entrance. The Moroccan exit will be chosen next month. The Gibraltar tunnel will cost about 250 million dollars.

Boring can be started on the Anglo-French tunnel as soon as the British Government removes its objections. France never has opposed the project, for with traditional enemies just across long frontiers, an undersea tube which could easily be blocked or even destroyed in case of war, presents no terrors.

Commercial companies exist both in England and in France to carry out the tunnel scheme, the cost of which is estimated at \$150,000,000. English railways do not oppose the plan, as immense continental traffic would re-

sult, and at the same time the railways would save the expense of maintaining a fleet of channel steamers.



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"When a girl thinks the trouble is in the belt, she naturally tries to locate the waste first."

I have always believed that most large fortunes are made by men of mediocre ability who tumbled into a lucky opportunity and could not help but get rich, and in most cases others given the same chance would have done far better with it. Do not be fooled into believing that because a man is rich he is necessarily smart. There is ample proof to the contrary. —Julius Rosenwald.

Doctor (to plumber whose nerves are out of order): "The best thing for you to do is to forget yourself." Plumber: "Well, I've forgotten a few things in my time, doctor, but I'll get it that ain't a bit of a toaser!"

Minard's Liniment for Grippe and Flu.

# "THE FOOL"

ILLUSTRATED BY R.W. SATTERFIELD  
BY CHANNING POLLOCK

### BEGIN HERE TODAY

Clare Jewett, in love with the Rev. Daniel Gilchrist, marries Jerry Goodkind for his money. Daniel is dismissed from the fashionable Church of the Nativity in New York because of his radical sermons. Gilchrist is sent to the coal mines by Goodkind and wires that a big strike is settled.

A delegation of strikers comes north to interview the president and directors. Daniel gives the magnates 24 hours in which to sign an agreement with the miners. Daniel establishes "Overcoat Hall," a refuge for the unemployed and maintains apartments with baths for poor people.

### NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

"What are you reading?" he asked. "Something about 'Better Babies.'" "Are you going into the baby business," the man asked, smiling. "No, I was a hansom driver. Hacks—man and boy—40 years. Then taxis come in—and I went out."

"What'd you do then?" the visitor was inquisitive.

"Took to drink," said Grubby blandly.

"Yeah, then drink went out," observed Mack.

"What's your job?" It was Grubby's turn to question.

"Well, I was in the movies," Mack replied. "That is, I was going to be but the fellow that was going to put up the money, his mother didn't die after all. Before that, I sold bricks—books, too. And life insurance. Never had any luck. Who wrote that, Mr. Gilchrist?"

"Well, it isn't. I've worked at 50 things and look at me. I figure the world owes me a living, and here I am waiting for a bite of grub and an overcoat. Is it true this guy'll give you an overcoat?"

"He will if he's got one. You just come and help yourself, and talk things over. Coffee and sandwiches every night—and supper and sermons on Wednesdays."

"Preachin'," said Mack, rising. "I'll come back tomorrow."

Grubby was reassuring him when Mary Margaret entered. She was a mere wisp, gliding on crutches, 15, pathetically pretty. She found cups and saucers on a shelf and busied herself with them.

"Don't he try to reform you?" queried Mack of Grubby skeptically. He hadn't noticed the girl.

"Nav," said Grubby. "The way he talks you'd think you was as good as him in the tax business."

"What's the catch? There must be some graft in it somewhere."

"If you ask me, I think the poor gent's got a few nuts in his nosebag." Grubby described a circle over his head with his hand. "A little bit batty. That's what I say."

"And that's what you got no right to say, Grubby." Mary Margaret reproached the two with a look. "He's been good to you, ain't he?"

"That's why we think he's nutty," said Grubby. "What's he do it for?"

"Cause he love you," said the girl, simply.

"What for?" asked Grubby unconprehendingly.

"God knows!" mocked Mary Margaret. She hobbled to the table and began to set it. "It's after 7 now," she sighed, "and the meeting half an hour away and he ain't had a bite to eat since morning." She paused. "He went to see a man who killed himself," Mack laughed. She looked at him curiously. "I mean—tried to. It was in the papers and he read it and says: 'I want to talk to that man.'"

"She was still looking at Mack and now she recalled his words."

"Graft," she said witheringly. "Why he didn't even have rent money yesterday and he was desprited. He ain't had money to get himself a pair of shoes, and nobody helps him, or comes near him, but you bums that roam him behind his back."

he's clean loco. Guess what he's got in the back yard."

"What?"

"Tennis. And handball games for kids. And, in the other two houses, he's got flats, with bathtubs, and the rents ain't what they ask now for stallin' a horse. Why wouldn't I say he was crazy? Everybody says so but Mary Margaret."

The subject of the conversation entered on the heels of the scoffing. Apparently he had not heard. He rubbed his hands from the cold. He wasn't warmly dressed—in fact, he looked a bit threadbare.

"Hello, Grubby," he greeted, hanging his coat on an old rack over an umbrella that almost fell as the framework swayed. "You're early—and you've brought a friend with you." He advanced and shook Mack's hand. "You're welcome." Now he recognized his other visitor. "Well, Mr. Goodkind. You're welcome, too. Have you come down to look us over?"

"I've come down on personal business," said Goodkind abruptly.

"Oh, yes," said Daniel. He turned to Grubby. "There's a box of books in the hall, Grubby. How would you and your friend like to—"

Grubby squirmed a bit.

"I've got to help with the coffee," he said.

"I see," said Daniel. He turned to Mack. "And you?"

Mack made no move to help, but advanced smiling.

"I just wanted to speak to you a minute."

"All right, after the meeting," said Gilchrist.

"I wanted to ask you—"

Mack still smiling.

"After the meeting," said Gilchrist with emphasis. He turned to Goodkind. "Won't you sit down?"

Mack scowled at Daniel's back.

"Thanks!" he muttered scornfully and slouched toward the door. He paused as he reached it and looked enviously at Gilchrist's overcoat hanging on the rack.

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### CHAPTER XVI. GOODKIND THREATENS.

Gilchrist surveyed the thief for a moment in silence. There wasn't even reproach in his eyes. His calm, his look of kindness, totally disarmed the man. He dropped the coat in surrender, waiting for denunciation, brutality, arrest, he knew not what? Gilchrist made no move toward him.

"I thought you'd gone," Daniel said at last.

"The thief had fled utterly—but the man was still there."

"No—I—I wanted—" he faltered.

"You wanted my coat?" said Gilchrist calmly.

Mack smiled at the simple explanation. He was relieved and somehow he felt very warm.

"Yes—that's—that's what I wanted to ask you," he said.

"I'm so glad you said so," said Gilchrist without a trace of irony. Mack looked up, surprised. "Because," went on Daniel, "if you hadn't, and I hadn't understood, you might have been tempted to take it without asking—and then you'd have been so sorry and ashamed." Mack wanted to lower his head, but he couldn't. The other's eyes held him. "A man couldn't come into another man's house, and be welcomed, and then take the other man's coat, without losing his self-respect—could he?" Mack only stared. "And of course, if we're going to pull our-

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### Says Body Is Found Of Solomon's Wife

Cairo Paper Reports Discovery of Mummy in Jerusalem in Jerusalem's Favorite Site. The body is said to have been found in the course of excavations on the Mount of the Temple in an underground chamber filled with wonderful objects, the most marvelous being a gold coffin in which the mummy lay wrapped in richest coverings set with precious stones.

Buried with the body, it is said, was a parchment scroll in Hebrew, said to have been written by Solomon, extolling the virtues of "my favorite wife, Moti Maria of Memphis, who sacrificed herself for husband and king. In recognition of my deep love for her, and my boundless appreciation of her loyalty and self-sacrifice, I with my own hands have placed on her forehead my magnificent crown, presented to me by my people on the twenty-fifth anniversary of my accession."

The scroll is said to recount how three months previously America, the woman's father, came from Egypt, "his hands laden with valuable gifts, but his heart full of malice," and in an endeavor to seize the country on behalf of Pharaoh of Egypt ordered his daughter to poison Solomon's wine. It reads:

"When Moti poured the wine into the cups I noticed Amerto did not extend his hand, nevertheless, I unsuspectingly raised by cup to my lips. Thereupon Moti, who was standing by my side, snatched the cup and drank the wine herself."

She died in Solomon's arms, but the scroll does not relate what happened to Amerto.

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"The folding motor car is coming," says a writer. The collapsible pedestrians, of course, no novelty.

### Here's To—

"Here's to more of 'I will and less of 'I can'; more of 'I'll help myself and less of 'Please help me'; more of 'Nothing is good enough which can be better' and less of 'What is good enough for my grandfather is good enough for me.'"

"Here's to the making of 1929 as great a year of progress as happy, earnest effort and hard work can make it."

"And here's to the throwing over our shoulders all pessimism and downheartedness and filling their places with good cheer and enthusiasm."

—Mr. H. Gordon Selfridge, in the Sunday Dispatch.

Use Minard's Liniment for the Flu.

We are told that Egyptian cigarettes need not come from Egypt, and we long ago learned that all the Swiss cheese did not come from Switzerland. More recently large numbers in Volsteadia have discovered to their sorrow that all the "Scotch" whisky does not come from Scotland.—Boston Transcript.

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### "I Believe There is a Heaven for Dogs

By BISHOP WAKEFIELD.

There has arisen in recent years a fresh desire in human minds to know more about the future of those who associate with mankind on earth.

The ordinary person has in the exercise of his common sense come to the conclusion that there is no great reason why the journey through this world into the next should be different for the four-footed companion of man than for the biped.

The self-satisfied human of former ages hugged to himself the idea that he was begotten in order that he should utilize the rest of creation for his personal benefit, and that if necessary should kill, often by painful means, those to whom he was greatly indebted.

We have now reached a stage in human progress when we face reluctantly the question: What is the domestic animal, and in what relation does man stand in regard to the other members of the family. Originally man is physically not on a level with a large percentage of the animal creation, though scientific appliances may give human beings power over the rest in the struggle for a place in the sun.

### THE ETHERAL DOG.

By various methods, not all of them admirable, we take advantage of the easily-awakened generosity of the so-called lower creation until we say they are domesticated—often despoiled—and we invent the word "pet" as expressing their condition. Then we use them—even abuse them—and in the end we have to kill them, body and soul, so as to make room for more, as it is rather trying to picture a future life with a collection of "pets."

No doubt it is if I imagine a resurrection ether of human beings or other animals which is that of a natural body and not a spiritual body. The life of the dog, for instance, like that of his master, will be recognized, but for that decay will have disappeared and life will be perfect, spiritual and eternal.

### FIDELITY.

What is there which is incommensurable with true life in the domestic pet? Can we imagine a future existence in which we shall not be helped to a nobler, an everlastingly developing career by the examples and by the companionship of some of our domestic pets.

There are words which explain certain qualities which cannot be eliminated from the language of eternity, and which are shown to us here by the example of the domestic pet most wonderfully. We search that other shore, each of us, in a different class, as it were, from others whom we have met here.

We have to be developed, we have to be drawn nearer, step by step, to the perfection of some who guided us here, and gradually we get to God Himself. On that other side one hopes to find some who accompanied with us, helped to purify our character on earth. Will they not be beside to show us there, as here, the meaning of such a word as fidelity?

As far as one can judge, I have never had any reason for thinking that this is written on a domestic pet's life when it ceases to breathe, except the difficulty of comprehending how a resurrection is to be attained and yet honestly, the same difficulty surrounds the re-living of humanity. The effect of death is the same for us all.

### MORE CONSISTENT.

I will not believe that the Creator, by whatever means He acted, framed the whole in order to tantalize the part. It is not given to me to understand at present the right of existence, but I have as much right to believe as I do with regard to the domestic pet as has his honest opponent.

It is more consistent with a God of love, in my judgment, for eternity to create what is lovely than to create it for time. A few days ago, after I had spoken on this subject, one came to me and said that I had given much to think about, though he was not yet in agreement with me.

Outside Seville Cathedral, a good many years ago, I saw some rough louts teasing to death a little dog, which looked to me as just longing to get into a quiet corner to die. I told the fellows to leave the dog in peace, but they would not, and at last I knocked the ringleader down.

He and his companions were troublesome, but eventually I got them away, and assisted by the police, I got the dog into shelter and to peace. Which deserved best eternal life? The cruel humans or the suffering "domestic pet"?

My answer would be both—the humans so that they might receive the pardon of God through the sacrifice of Christ, the little dog because he knew and had felt something of the suffering of Christ and had shared that suffering.—Montreal Standard.

We are all suffering from publications of one sort or another.—Premier Stanley Baldwin.

I have often remarked that at least I had one distinction; I have been the healthiest President that the country has ever had.—Coolidge.

The Englishman seems to have learned restraint and leadership, while boys in other countries were learning Latin and arithmetic.—King George of Greece.